WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 45. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1800. WHOLE NO. 617.

PARENTAL TYRANNY:

OR LEWIS AND MARIA.

BEFORE the hand of republican power had levelled all diſtinctions in France, and ſunk the proudeſt families to the humiliating condition of the meaneſt peaſant, in the gay neighborhood of Verſailles, the Marquis D'Embleville owned a ſumptuous hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely ſplendor. His mind poſſeſſed all the imperious vanity of the ancient regime; and, placed by fortune at an awful diſtance, he looked down upon the canaille as unworthy to hold with him a rank in the ſame ſcale of being.

His only ſon Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland: he had viſited every part of thoſe wondrous regions, where nature reigns in all her grandeur, and diſplays to the enthuſiaſtic mind that ſublime and majeſtic ſcenery which attracts and gratifies the moſt unbounded curioſity.

So remote from haunts of courtly pleaſure—ſo diſtant from the giddy circle of high life—he felt the impreſſion of that tender paſſion, beneath whoſe controuling power mortals of all degrees are indiſcriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiſs, freſh from the hand of nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind, in the ſtate of primeval innocence: honeſty was the only wealth her friends poſſeſſed; her charms and virtues were her only portion.

With this lovely maid Lewis had ſought and cultivated an acquaintance. He weighed her mental graces againſt the frippery of Pariſian belles, and with pleaſure ſaw them greatly preponderate.

She felt the congenial paſſion; but, from diſparity of circumſtances, ſuppreſſed the kindling hope. The ſhaft was fixed too deep in his boſom to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals! Although deſpairing of ſucceſs, he returned to his father, and on his knee beſought him to confirm his happineſs by an aſſent to this unequal union.

Degrading intimation! Should the honorary tide of princely blood, long flowing down the channel of an illuſtrious anceſtry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian ſtreams?—No.—He ſpurned him from his feet; and, with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a ſcanty annuity, bade him retire again to ignominious exile, and ſee his face no more!

He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point—he knew that the moment of expoſtulation was for ever paſt! He was forbidden to return to ſeek a pardon, even by the narrow path of duty—he, therefore, felt himſelf not unhappy that, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could, by the trivial ſacrifice of his fortune, obtain the object of his deſires.

He bade adieu to the ſcenes of departed affluence, and flew to repoſe himſelf on the faithful boſom of domeſtic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the uſual ceremonies, and Lewis ſoon forgot that he was born to higher expectations!

The ſtorm which had long been gathering over devoted France, at length deſcended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title, and family. The ſanguinary ſtreams that flowed from the throne, ſwollen by a thouſand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine* of death ſtill frowned tremendous over its innumerable victims!

Not with leſs terror than the trembling traveller, when he ſees the accumulating avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices—in its progreſs tearing up towering pines, and cruſhing into atoms the obſtructing cottages—the Marquis D'Embleville beheld the approaching deſolation!

His lady died of a broken heart, to obſerve the ſplendor of her family eclipſed; and, reſcuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he haſtily left his proſcribed country in diſguiſe, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after long and weary wandering among thoſe eternal mountains, which form the barriers of nations—whoſe heads crowned with ſnow, old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round their baſe—amid the wildeſt ſcenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of diſtant hope to cheer him in his exile.

In order to divert the cares that wrung his boſom, he had viſited the ſtupendous cataract of the Rhine, he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen and the Reuſs, and at length arrived at a charmingly romantic valley, in the neighborhood of Lugano.

The evening ſun ſhot his yellow rays over olive, orange, and citron groves, which clothed the ſides of the far-ſtretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage, ſeated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extenſive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the ſoftened note of ruſtic joy—the villagers were returning from the labors of the day; and here and there appeared, in diſtant groups, winding down the avenues of the vine-clad hills.

At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whoſe cheeks bloomed the roſes of health, and their dreſs was ſuch as ſerved not to decorate but diſplay the fine ſymmetry of their features.

They made a low and graceful curtſey, and ran in to announce the approach of a ſtranger.

The charming mother came out, and modeſtly welcomed him to her cottage, where ſhe ſet before him the beſt her larder afforded, together with the choiceſt fruits the children could procure.

He took the infants on his knee and encouraged their artleſs prattle by familiar queſtions and endearments; and from them he learnt that their papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as uſual.

Their pleaſures, their paſtimes, and their mode of education, became the general topic of converſation; and the Marquis diſcovered in this little group more natural ability and good ſenſe than he had frequently found in the moſt poliſhed circles. The mother was an intelligent, liberal-minded woman, and delivered her ſentiments with an agreeable and unaffected ſimplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the moſt ſacred attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties; and ſhe ſpoke with enthuſiaſm of the enjoyments of retirement and domeſtic life.

The mind of the Marquis was much affected, and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which ſtruggled in his boſom.

The little mountaineers, who had been on "tip-toe of expectation," for the arrival of their father, now recognized his footſteps as he approached the door; and, running out to welcome him, hung around his knees, and dancing with exceſs of rapture, while he diſtributed between them ſome flowers, and other natural curioſities, indigenious to the ſoil, which he had picked up in his way.

A ſudden pleaſure ſeemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as ſhe introduced her conſort to her gueſt. Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the ſummit of the neighboring mountain the eternal rock, which then caſt a length of ſhade acroſs the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of aſtoniſhment could not have been depicted in the faces of both, than at this unexpected rencounter.

A momentary ſilence prevailed—conſcious remorſe touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a ſon whom he had ſo much injured, while Lewis ſtood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a diſobliged parent.

The roſes fled the cheek of the amiable Maria, while the huſband on his knee deprecated the forgiveneſs of that father, of whoſe diſpleaſure ſhe had formerly heard with ſo much emotion; and who, ſhe now fully expected, was come to deſtroy her happineſs for ever!

He perceived their agitation; adverſity had ſoftened his heart, and all the father returned! For awhile he could not ſpeak; but took their hands, and, joining them together, liſted his eyes to heaven, as in the act of imploring bleſſings on them both. He then ſnatched the wandering infants to his boſom, and ſhed over them involuntary tears.

The firſt tumults this interview had occaſioned ſubſiding, a calmer but more ſolemn ſcene enſued.—The death of lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes, engaged all their attention; and, while they liſtened to the "tale of woe," they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity.

The Marquis, having now experienced the viciſſitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the ſuperior prudence of his ſon in making ſo judicious a choice, and bleſſed the power which ſo myſteriouſly diſpoſed him to provide this calm retreat, and thoſe domeſtic comforts, amidſt which he reſolved to ſpend the evening of his days*.

There is no greater proof of human weakneſs than that which betrays itſelf in the boaſt of fortune and anceſtry: theſe cannot ennoble us, but our conduct in life may ennoble or degrade them. Humility is the only true wiſdom, by which we prepare our minds for all the poſſible viciſſitudes

* Guillotine.

* The annals of modern Europe will furniſh poſterity with a thouſand hiſtories of a ſimilar nature.

of fortune, in bearing in remembrance the uncertain tenure by which we hold our dearest and most valuable enjoyments:

Adversity! thou all-subduing pow'r,
'Tis thine to bend the stubborn neck of pride;
From fame and fortune strip the thin disguise,
Instruct the selfish soul itself to know,
And teach submission to the will divine.

REMARKABLE ROBBERY.

DURING the course of that war, which was terminated by the peace of Utrecht, the French supplied their armies in Italy, chiefly by remittances by way of Geneva; where some eminent merchants had undertaken the affair, and used frequently to send very large sums in specie, passing along the side of the lake, through Switzerland, to the republic of the Valais, from whence they crossed over Mount Sampion, and so at once got into the duchy of Milan. As these countries are perfectly free from all danger of robbers, and the Chablais, and those parts of Savoy which bordered on the lake and the Valais, were in the hands of the French, they were under no sort of apprehension of any danger; and the escort that guarded the money was very small and weak. However, some Savoyard gentlemen, urged to it by their necessities (their country being totally ruined, and in the hands of the French) and who, besides, by means of their frequent intercourse with Geneva, were extremely well acquainted with the manner in which, and the time when, these convoys of money set out, laid a scheme for seizing one of them. They first provided themselves with commissions from the Duke of Savoy, Victor Amedeus, afterwards King of Sardinia, their sovereign, as officers sent on party; after which, having informed themselves exactly of the time of the convoy's departure from Geneva, they privately assembled at Thonon and Evian, towns on the Savoy side of the lake, and, crossing it in boats, contrived to meet the convoy just as it was upon French ground; for on that side of the lake, the different territories of France, Berne, and Geneva, are so intermixed, that in the space of a few miles, you go a little way on Geneva land, then on French, then on Swiss, then on French again, and once more on Geneva, and then at last on Swiss territory. The place where they stopped the convoy is near Seligny, a district belonging to Geneva, where the French land comes down close to the sides of the lake, and is separated from that of Berne by a little brook; which as soon as the convoy had passed, they attacked it, and made themselves masters of it without difficulty, and without bloodshed, except that of the horses and mules, every one of which they killed upon the very spot, in order to ascertain the scene of action, and prove that it was not commited in the jurisdiction of the canton of Berne. After which they shared the money (which, it is said, amounted to 50 or 60,000 louis d'ors) by hatfulls, measuring it out in that manner: then, embarking on board of their boats, they retired to Geneva, which, being a neutral town, had no time to interfere with their having (authorized by commission from their own lawful sovereign) attacked a convoy, going to his enemies, in the enemies' country; and the Geneva merchants had the sensible mortification of seeing the Savoyards make a figure, and live jollily, before their faces, with their money, and they unable to help themselves, and forced to be quiet.

THE ENRAGED PAINTER.

A COUNSELLER of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of 100 pistoles for an image of St. Antonio de Padua, which Cano a Spanish artist had made for him, he dashed the Saint to pieces on the pavement of his Academy; while the stupid counsellor was reckoning up how many pistoles a day Cano had earned while the work was in hand: "You have been five and twenty days carving this image of St. Antonio," said the niggardly arithmetician, "and the purchase money demanded being 100 pistoles you have rated your labour, at the exorbitant price of four pistoles a day: whilst I, who am your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents!" "Wretch!" cried the enraged artist, "to talk to me of your talents. I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days;" and so saying, he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The affrighted counseller escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that the man who was bold enough to demolish a saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a lawyer.

WAR.

OH ye, who fill the throne of Power---
Who speak, and millions must obey;
Who reign the monarchs of the hour,
Who rise dictators of the day:

Think where the trumpet's clam'rous breath,
Re-echoes through the regions round,
What scenes of agony and death,
Await the unharmonious sound.

O! join not then with hasty rage,
The tumults which are heard from far;
But shun the desolating stage,
O! shun the guilty walks of war!

Think whilst the thund'ring cannons roar,
And while the waving faulcon plays,
How carnage wades through streams of gore,
And gries amid the steely blaze.

Ah! vain are words to paint the woes
Which haunt the crouded fields of blood;
Nor all that rhetoric bestows,
Can trace the sanguinary flood.

The [illegible] hands of the mighty slain,
Will sleep upon the martial shore,
Though they have felt the wound of pain,
They heave the languid sigh no more.

But if your thoughtless minds would know,
Or can endure of more to hear,
To widows or to orphans go,
And count the never ceasing tear!

Read in the groans that rend the heart,
Read in the tears that ceaseless roll,
What words are powerless to impart,
The speechless anguish of the soul!

O! think of these and shun the blade
That darts its fickly gleams afar;
And shun the dark impending shade,
Which hovers o'er the scenes of war.

[From a London paper.

THE ORPHAN BOY's TALE.

STAY, Lady---stay, for Mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless ORPHAN's tale:
Ah! sure my looks must Pity wake---
'Tis Want that makes my cheek so pale!

Yet I was once a Mother's pride,
And my brave Father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died---
And I am now an ORPHAN BOY!

Poor foolish Child, how pleas'd was I
When news of NELSON's visit'ry came,
Along the crowded streets to fly---
And see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my Mother sought---
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my Father's life 'twas bought---
And made me a poor ORPHAN BOY!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My Mother shudd'ring clos'd her ears:
"Rejoice, rejoice," still cried the crowd---
My Mother answered with her tears!

"Oh, why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me; and in accents weak
She call'd me her poor ORPHAN BOY!

"What is an ORPHAN BOY?" I said;
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath
And her eyes clos'd! I shriek'd for aid:
But, ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!

My hardships since I will not tell:
But now, no more a Parent's joy,
Ah, Lady, I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an ORPHAN BOY!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!---
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread---
The Sailor's ORPHAN BOY has PRIDE.

Lady, you weep;---what is't you say?---
You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
Look down, dear Parents; look, and see,
Your happy, HAPPY ORPHAN BOY!

BARBARITY OF MEHEMET ALMEDI.

THIS Monarch was the King of Fez. He had a long war to maintain against some of the neighboring nations, who had refused to submit to his tyranny. He had gained over them several victories, but having afterwards lost a battle, wherein he had exposed his troops with a blind fury; they were so dispirited that they refused to go against the enemy. To inspire them with courage, he devised the following stratagem: having assembled secretly a certain number of officers, who were best affected to him, he proposed to them considerable rewards, if they would consent to be shut up some hours in graves, as if they had been killed in battle; that he would leave them sufficient vent for breathing, and that when, in consequence of a superstitious device, he designed cunningly to spread through the army, they should happen to be interrogated, they were to answer that they had found, what their King had promised them: that they enjoyed the rewards of Martyrdom, and that those who should imitate them by fighting valiantly, and should die in that war, would enjoy the same felicity. The thing was executed, as he had proposed. He laid his most faithful servants among the dead, covered them with earth, and left them a small vent for breathing. He afterwards entered the camp, and assembling the principal chiefs about midnight, "You are" said he, "the soldiers of God, the defenders of the faith, the protectors of truth. Prepare to exterminate your enemies, who are likewise the enemies of the Most High, and depend upon it you will never find so sure an opportunity of being pleasing in his sight. But as there may be dastards among you, I am willing to convince them by the sight of a great prodigy. Go to the field of battle, ask those of your brethren who have been killed this day: they will assure you that they enjoy the most perfect happiness for having lost their lives in this war." He then led them to the field of battle, where he cried with all his might---"O assembly of faithful martyrs, make known to us how many wonders you have seen of the most high God!" They answered, "We have received from the Almighty infinite rewards, which the living can have no idea of." The chiefs, surprized at this answer, ran to publish it in the army; and revived courage in the hearts of the soldiers. Whilst this was transacted in the camp, the King feigning an ecstacy, caused by this miracle, remained near the graves, where his buried servants waited their deliverance; but he stopped up the holes through which they breathed, and sent them to receive in the other world, by this barbarous stratagem, the reward they had made a declaration of to others.

INFLEXIBLE PATRIOTISM.

THE borough of Hull, in the reign of King Charles the II chose Andrew Marvel for their representative. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. However, the ministry being of opinion that he would be their's for properly asking, sent the Lord Danby to renew acquaintance with him, in his garret. At parting, the Treasurer, out of pure affection, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for one thousand pounds, and then stepped away to his chariot. Mr. Marvel, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." Danby mounted again to Marvel's apartment, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, Sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton?" "Very right, boy; what have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, Sir, that you bid me lay by the blade bone to broil?" "It is so, child, very right, go away." Mr. Marvel then addressing himself to the Treasurer, said, "My Lord, do you hear that? Andrew's dinner is provided; there is your piece of paper, I want it not; go tell the ministry I live to serve my constituents."

DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY.

WHEN Metastasio's circumstances were far from affluent, and he was only known at Vienna, as a writer for the opera, under Apostolo Zeno; a person with whom he had contracted a great intimacy, left him at his death a 5000l. sterling. But Metastasio hearing that his friend had relations at Bologna, went thither in search of them; and having found such of them as he thought best entitled to the possessions, told them, that though the deceased had bequeathed to him his whole fortune, he could suppose it to be no otherwise than in trust, till he should find out the most deserving of his kindred, in order to divide it equally among them, which he immediately did, without the least reserve in his own favor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1800.

SUMMARY.

By the late arrivals we have obtained intelligence that the Army of the Rhine, commanded by MOREAU, had penetrated far into Germany, croſſing the Danube, near Ulm, after a vigorous reſiſtance on the part of the Auſtrians, who loſt 14 pieces of cannon, and 3000 priſoners. On the 16th June an armiſtice or convention for the ſuſpenſion of arms, for ten days, was agreed upon between the French and Auſtrian armies in Italy, till an anſwer was received from the Emperor. Genoa is again in poſſeſſion of the French. The Republicans, victorious in every part, have been equally ſucceſsful in Egypt. The army of Kleber, conſiſting of 15,000, entirely routed that of the Grand Viſier, compoſed of 40,000; 8000 Turks fell on the field of battle, and great numbers periſhed in the deſart. The fruits of the victory were 19 pieces of cannon, and the enemy's camp. In England, HADFIELD, who attempted to aſſaſſinate the King in the Theatre, has been acquitted on the plea of INSANITY, but is to be kept in confinement.

On Monday arrived at this port the ſhip Columbus, Capt. Gardiner from Rochelle, with diſpatches from the American Commiſſioners at Paris, which were immediately forwarded to the Secretary of State. A gentleman who came paſſenger informs, that theſe diſpatches were brought down to Rochelle by the Secretary of the American Legation, and were dated the laſt of May.

—

On the 27th June, in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons, Mr SHERIDAN, agreeably to notice, roſe to offer his reaſons for a call of the Houſe, wherein he pointed out the impropriety and impolicy of carrying on the preſent war with France, and the neceſſity of an immediate peace and reconciliation with her government, &c. After a warm debate, the houſe divided on the queſtion---Ayes 27---Noes 124----Majority againſt the motion 97.

—

AMERICAN ENVOYS.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Nantz, to his friend in this city, dated the 12th of June, 1800.

"The negociations are ſaid to wear a very ſatisfactory appearance---it ſeems they have met with ſome delays, owing ſolely to the firſt Conſul's abſence. He is doing wonders in Italy, and it is believed he will ſoon be maſter of that fine country, and will again command peace at their gates, or perhaps in Vienna itſelf. The preſent Government is greatly changed for the better----it has reſtored internal peace, and employs every means to have it with all the world. Property is reſpected, and we now enjoy a tranquility which has not been known for a long time."

—

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Cadiz, dated the 19th June, received by the ſchooner Sally, Captain Eves.

"We have no news, except accounts of the arrival at Havre de Grace, of the Portſmouth, Capt. M'Neal, to carry our Envoys home, who, it is alſo ſaid, will embark about the laſt of this month, with the treaty. I think this can be depended on, as it comes from good authority.---- This place is actually in a ſtate of blockade, though it is not obſerved with rigour, nor do the veſſels appear in ſight more than once in 10 or 12 days, nor does the fleet exceed two ſhips of the line, and one or two frigates generally cruiſe off Cape St. Vincent, about 40 or 50 leagues from us."

—

FRENCH VICTORY IN ITALY.

BATTLE OF MARENGO.

Bulletin from the Army of Reſerve.

Torre de Gatafola, June 15.

After the battle of Montebello, the army put itſelf in motion to paſs the Scrivia. The advanced guard, commanded by General Gardanne, on the 13th encountered the enemy, who defended the approaches of the Bormida, and the three bridges which they had made near Aleſſandria, defeated them, and took 2 pieces of cannon and 100 priſoners.

The diviſion of General Chabran arrived at the ſame time along the Po, oppoſite Valence, to prevent the enemy from paſſing that river. Thus Melas found himſelf ſurrounded between the Bormida and the Po. The only retreat from Genoa, which remained to him after the battle of Montebello, was intercepted. The enemy ſtill appeared to have no plan, or at leaſt a very uncertain one from its movements.

The 14th at day-break, the enemy paſſed the Bormida, on three bridges: reſolved to cut their way through, they debouched in force, ſurprized our advanced guard, and began, with great vivacity the battle of Marengo, which finally decided the fate of Italy and the Auſtrian army. Four times during the battle we were repulſed, and as often we advanced. More than 60 pieces of cannon, on different points, and at different hours were taken and retaken on both ſides. There were more than twelve charges of cavalry and with various ſucceſſes. It was three hours after mid-day; 10,000 infantry flanked our right in the grand plain of St. Julien. They were ſupported by a line of cavalry, and a great quantity of artillery. The grenadiers of the guard were placed like a redoubt of granite in the centre of that immenſe plain. Nothing could overthrow it. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, every thing was directed againſt that battalion, but in vain. It was then really ſeen what a handful of men of ſpirit could effect. By this obſtinate reſiſtance, the left of the enemy was checked and our right ſupported until the arrival of General Monnier, who carried the village of Caſtel Ceriolo at the point of the bayonet: the enemy's cavalry then made a rapid movement on our right which was already ſhaken. This movement precipitated its retreat. The enemy advanced upon our whole line, diſcharging cannister-ſhot from more than an hundred pieces of cannon. The roads were covered with fugitives, wounded and routed. The battle ſeemed loſt. We permitted the enemy to advance within muſket-ſhot of the village of St. Julien, where the diviſion of Deſaix was in order for battle, with eight pieces of light artillery in front, and two battalions in cloſe order on the wing. All the fugitives rallied behind it. Already had the enemy committed faults, which preſaged their cataſtrophe. They extended their wings too much.

The preſence of the Firſt Conſul re-animated the troops. "Children, (ſays he to them) do you remember that it is not my cuſtom to ſleep on the field of battle?" Amidſt ſhouts of "Live the Republic," "Live the Firſt Conſul," General Deſaix charged with quick march by the centre. In an inſtant the enemy were defeated. General Kellerman, who, with his brigade of heavy cavalry had the whole day covered the retreat of our left, made a charge with ſuch vigor, and ſo apropos, that 6000 grenadiers, and General Zach, the chief of the Staff, were made priſoners, and ſeveral of the enemy's Generals killed. The whole army followed this movement. The right of the enemy was cut off, and conſternation and terror ſpread through their ranks.

The Auſtrian Cavalry advanced to the centre, to cover the retreat. The chief of Brigade, Baſtieres, at the head of the caſſes-cols, and grenadiers of the guard, made a charge with ſuch activity and courage, that he pierced the line of the enemy's Cavalry, and by it completed the entire rout of the army.

We have taken 15 ſtand of colors, 40 pieces of cannon, and made from 5 to 8000 priſoners. No more than 6000 of the enemy remained on the field of battle.

The 9th light horſe have merited the title of the incomparable. The heavy Cavalry and the 8th Dragoons have covered themſelves with glory.

Our loſs is alſo conſiderable. We had 600 men killed, and 1500 wounded, and 900 taken priſoners.

—

CHARLESTON, Auguſt 5th.

FIRE.

Yeſterday morning about a quarter before 2 o'clock the houſe of Martin Miller, on the weſt ſide of King-Street, the third door above Boundary-Street, was diſcovered to be on fire.

The reports relative to its origin are various; the only one credited is, that it was accidentally communicated by the blaze of a candle, with a puncheon of rum, in the cellar, from which the unfortunate Mr. Miller and his wife were drawing off a few gallons into demijohns. The puncheon exploded immediately and communicated to a keg of gun-powder in the ſtore, which alſo blew up, and burnt Mr. and Mrs. Miller in a moſt ſhocking manner, ſo much ſo, that Mrs. Miller has ſince died, and there is ſcarcely a poſſibility of Mr. Miller's ſurviving.

The wind was freſh from S. W. and the adjacent buildings being principally wooden, the flames (notwithſtanding the extraordinary exertions, activity and attention of the citizens) ſpread with uncommon violence, and deſtroyed about fifteen dwelling houſes, excluſive of a number of back buildings.

COURT of HYMEN.

TILL Hymen brought his love delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's roſy bow'r!
The world was ſad---the garden was a wild---
And man, the hermit, ſigh'd---till Woman ſmil'd!

MARRIED

On Wedneſday evening laſt week, at New-Haven, by the Rev. Mr. Gemmil, Mr JAMES STRIKER, of this city, to Miſs FRANCES MIX, daughter of Mr John Mix, of New-Haven.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. WILLIAM METCALF, to Miſs SUSAN THOMSON.

On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. JAMES BARTLEY, of Lomington (N. J) to Miſs ANN BROWER, of this city.

—

MORTALITY.

Think, Mortals! what it is to die!

DIED,

On the 13th March laſt, at St. John's, (Nova-Scotia) Mr. ROBERT WILKINSON, a native of Lincolnſhire, aged 78 years, and 6 months.

On Thurſday laſt week, at his Country Reſidence, near Frankfort, Mr. ROBERT CAMPBELL, Book-ſeller and Stationer of Philadelphia.

—

The Hon. BUSHROD WASHINGTON, we underſtand, has at length engaged a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed talents, to aſſiſt in writing a Hiſtory of the Life of General WASHINGTON; the work is to be immediately commenced.

—

In addition to the intelligence reſpecting the American Envoys, Capt. Eves, of the ſchr. Sally, informs, that he was told by the American Conſul at Cadiz, Mr. Iznardi, that the American Commiſſioners had completed their buſineſs, and were about to return to America.

—

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

SONNET.

WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA-SHORE.

O'ER the deep waters on the ſea-beat ſhore,
The whiſpering winds in gentle murmurs ſigh;
While from yon leafy glade, gay warblers pour
To their low breathing a more ſoft reply.

Careleſs, unmindful of the future ſtorm,
That ſoon may tremble in a threat'ning cloud;
And with one blaſt the verdant foliage harm,
Where the ſweet goldfinch or the lark's reclin'd.

Thus in the lap of ſplendid Wealth we ſmile,
And cheriſh cloſe the gaudy glare of Pride;
With vain Deluſion life's beſt hours beguile,
Nor own that Power theſe luxuries ſupply'd.

But Woe, ſad tutor, makes Ambition tame,
And wakes Preſumption from her flatt'ring dream.

Auguſt 6. ANGELINA.

JUST PUBLISHED,
and for ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
AND OTHER POEMS,
By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FIRST VOLUME OF
POEMS,
BY
SAMUEL LOW.
☞ The ſecond volume is now in the preſs.

Sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip, by APPOINTMENT,
The True and Genuine
Dr. ANDERSON's
Famous Scots Pills.

COURT of APOLLO.

SONG.

ADIEU, ye ſtreams that gently flowing,
Murmur through the flowery mead;
Vernal airs that ſoftly blowing,
Ruſtle through the leafy ſhade!

Adieu, ye birds whoſe notes delighting,
Sweetly charm the rural ſcene;
Beauteous proſpects all inviting,
Fields and meadows deck'd with green!

I could quit you unrepining,
Not a tear ſhould bathe my eye,
Your enjoyments all reſigning,
Nor my boſom heave a ſigh.

But when cruel FATE ordains me
From my lovely FAIR to part;
Oh, the ſeparation pains me!
Deeply wounds my aching heart.

Falſehood and deceit deſpiſing,
O ſhe's fairer than the morn!
When bright Phœbus juſt ariſing,
Strews with pearl the dewy lawn.

But her mind in charms ſurpaſſes,
Spotleſs as the ſolar ray;
While a thouſand nameleſs graces
All around my fair one play.

When with her the ſweet enjoyment
Crowns the day with freſh delight;
To chat with her the ſweet employment
Gilds with joy the gloomy night.

But by FATE compell'd to leave her,
From my JULIA fore'd to part;
Oh! the cruel word "forever,"
Wounds afreſh my bleeding heart!

THE FOUR BELLES.

Who are they?

CHARLOTTE is very fair they ſay,
And many a lover wears her chain;
But ſhort the empire of her ſway,
She treats her ſlaves with cold diſdain!

HARRIET is handſome!-----people cry;
I own ſhe's fair, and tall, and ſtrait;
But that ſhe's handſome I deny,
She wants a certain ſomething yet!

In their whole forms no graces play,
No ſpark of animation warms;
But ANNA, handſome every way,
Robs all her ſex of all their charms!

Yet beauty fades!-----ſee SARAH comes,
In temper mild, in goodneſs prime;
The modeſt grace that ſhe aſſumes,
Will triumph o'er the wreck of time.
If taſteful ſenſe can real bliſs impart,
O happy youth, who ſhares with her his heart!

ANECDOTE.

A FAMILY by the name of CALF, were greatly addicted to ridicule paſſengers as they paſſed the houſe. Having exerciſed their laughing faculties upon a remarkably deformed gentleman, to whom they were utter ſtrangers, excepting by ſight, he at laſt ſtepped up to the window, and begged leave to know if they kept a butcher's ſhop? This degrading queſtion extorted a torrent of abuſe. The gentleman calmly replied, that he was ſorry for his miſtake, the Calves' heads that were always hung out, had led to the ſuppoſition.

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for Sale by J. Harriſſon, no. 3 Peck-Slip.

MORALIST.

ON SORROW.

IT is the conſtant buſineſs of ſorrow to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of miſery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of cheerfulneſs die beneath her influence. Sorrow is an enemy to virtue, while it deſtroys that cheerful habit of mind that cheriſhes and ſupports it; it is an enemy to piety, for with what language ſhall we addreſs that being whoſe providence our complaints either accuſe or deny? It is an enemy to health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigor of the animal ſpirits; and of happineſs it is the reverſe.

NEW NOVELS

For ſale by John Harriſſon, Peck-ſlip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Emilia d' Varmont, or the Neceſſary Divorce,
Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods,
Louiſa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Ambroſe and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter,
Galatea, a Paſtoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Couſins,
Ambroſio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Eſq;
Caſtles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette.
Children of the Abbey. Wieland, or the Transformation,
Ormond, or the Secret Witneſs. Tom Jones,
Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter,
Camilla. Romance of the Foreſt. The Italian,
Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun,
Nature and Art, Gonſalvo of Cordova, Arundel,
Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroneſs, Pamela,
Simple Story. Man of the World. Fatal Follies,
Inquiſitor, or Inviſible Rambler, Fool of Quality,
Myſteries of Udolpho, Myſtic Cottager. Seleƈt Stories,
Count Roderick's Caſtle, Female Conſtancy,
Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey,
Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Forteſcue,
Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck
Man of Feeling. Telemachus, Citizen of the World,
Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random,
Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benſon,
Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey,
Netley Abbey, a Gothic Story, Perfidious Guardian,

Waſhington's Letters, Volney's Ruins, Æſop,
Campbell's Journey overland to India. Junius's Letters
Cowper's Tranſlation of Homer, American Spectator
Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldſmith's England,
Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts,
Johnſon's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude,
Goldſmith's Animated Nature, Thomſon's Seaſons
Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages,
Columbian Muſe, Godwin's Political Juſtice
Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleaſing Inſtructor, The Hive
Milton's Works, A Father's Inſtructions, Meſſiah
Elegant Miſcellanies, Flowers of Hiſtory,
Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works,
Jefferſon's Notes, Johnſon's Lives of the Poets,
Gibſon's Surveying, Jones's Syſtem of Book-Keeping,
Morſe's Geography, &c. &c. &c.

JOHN WESSELLS,

LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-ſtreet, near the Roman Chapel,

Has for ſale, an aſſortment of the moſt faſhionable Looking Glaſſes, with mahogany frames, which he will ſell on the moſt reaſonable terms April 5, 1800. 97 1y

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the ſubſcribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Iſland to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY)--And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the ſtricteſt attention on both ſides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York, May 10. 92 tf

WANTED,

AN Apprentice to the Hatting buſineſs, a youth of about 14 or 16 years of age---None need apply unleſs they can be well recommended for honeſty and induſtry---Enquire of M. RYDER, 235 Water-ſtreet.

ERUPTIONS and HUMORS on the FACE and SKIN

PARTICULARLY

Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ring-worms, Tan, Sun-burns, Freckles, Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every deſcription, Prickly-Heat, Redneſs of the Noſe, Arms, &c. &c. are effectually and ſpeedily cured by

DR. CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This Lotion is excelled by no other in the world. It has been adminiſtered by the proprietor for ſeveral years in Europe and America with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the moſt ſaucorous and alarming Scurvy in the Face. It is perfectly ſafe, yet powerful, and poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almoſt indiſpenſable appendage to the toilet, infinitely ſuperior to the common waſh---Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roſes! ! ! Suffice it however to ſay it has been adminiſtered to MANY THOUSANDS in the United States and Weſt-Indies with the greateſt and moſt unparalleled ſucceſs, and without even a ſingle complaint of its inefficacy.

Price---Half-Pints, 75 Cents---Pints, 1 dollar and 25 Cents.

Prepared and ſold by the inventor and ſole proprietor, Dr. James Church, at his diſpenſary, no. 137 Front-Street, and by his appointment, at the General Intelligence Office, no. 81 William-ſtreet.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

For ſale at John Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-ſlip,

POEMS,
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.
BY
PHILIP FRENEAU.

A new edition, reviſed and corrected by the Author; including a conſiderable number of pieces never before publiſhed.

GEORGE BUCKMASTER,

BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-ſtreet, oppoſite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat ſhop from Water-ſtreet to the above ſituation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almoſt every dimention, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all ſizes.

A MORNING SCHOOL,

FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wiſh to improve in Reading, Engliſh Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Aſtronomy and Geography, the uſe of the Globes and Maps, will have the ſtricteſt attention paid to their inſtruction, by the ſubſcriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-ſtreet. GAD ELY.

Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINARY from No. 13 to No. 121 William-ſtreet, (the houſe lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her cuſtomers and others may be ſupplied as uſual, with the following articles, on the loweſt terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Roſets for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waiſt---with a general aſſortment of Milinary as uſual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above buſineſs. May 3. tf

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY:

Or, the Morality and Practice of Free-Maſonry.

Illuſtrated and explained in fourteen Lectures, by Wm. Hutchinſon, Maſter of the Lodge of Concord, Barnard-Caſtle, England.

SANCTIONED BY THE GRAND LODGE.

An Elegant Aſſortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's

MOROCCO POCKET BOOKS,

for ſale at no. 3 Peck-ſlip.

Printed and Publiſhed by
JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.